

(Copyright, 1895, by Irving Bacheller.)

Michel Grey was missing. All the police In Paris could not have told us more. The man had vanished like a phantom, leaving no word, no message, no letter. The city had taken him from our sight. Whether he were alive or dead, in France or out of France, a willing abscorder or the victim of the assassin, neither friend nor enemy could tell. He had gone like the night, and had left us to face the problem as we

could not begin and end with his going. I never had a doubt. He had been seen about with Sir Nicolas for the best part of a mouth; my master's game with his sister. Dora Grey, was known to all the town about; there wasn't a servant in the otel that didn't understand where the hate between the two men came from. And, to cap all, the man went away at the height of it, and we were left with the girl, and with all the talk that followed disappearance.

Until this moment I had looked upon the whole episode as a handsome turn of There were many weeks after the strange hoax of the golden egg when my master never put his nose outside the my master never put his nose outside the Hotel de Lille. In all the years I've known him I can never remember such an upset as that business was both to his health and to his energy. He seemed just like one stupefied, with no taste for work and no taste for play The little money that he possessed dribbled away pound by pound until I had to find what was wanted even



for his daily living. He no longer earned in thing at the billiard table; he scarce read the Lewspapers. There were days when he rever got up from his bed; days when he did not open his lips to man or woman. And I do believe that he was giver so low, or in such a queer way, as appon the evening that brought him face to face with Dora Grey and gaye a turn face with Dora Grey and gave a turn his life which he was to feel for many

She came to the hotel quite sudden—an abburn-haired, blue-eyed little thing with the fairest skin woman ever had, and a way with her which was wonderful to see. The name down in the visitor's book was "Dora Grey of Boston," and just above it I saw written "Michel Grey, artist." But I didn't mark the man until the following morning, though Sir Nicolas, who had gone down into the garden that night, the first time for many weeks, was as full of the pair of them as he could be.

"Hildebrand," says he, "there's an American couple below which is worth the knowing. She's an artist from Boston, and she's come to the schools. It's the Greys,

she's come to the schools. It's the Greys, the railway people, they are; and rolling in the money. Did ye hear a fair-haired girl laughing at the top of her voice in the garden? Well, that's the one I mean.

Faith, it's speaking manners these Americans have for sure. She'd told me her history before we'd done the soup."
"Is she staying long, sir?" I asked.
"Three months certain, and likely longer. She's come here to be rear the painting. That was her brother that sat opposite Jack Ames tonight. A white-faced man, with a liver, I'll wager. I'll know him better this time temorrow."

with a liver, I'll wager. I'll know him better this time temorrow."

It was extraordinary, I must say, to see how a little thing like this drew him out of himself. While he'd gone down to dinner telling me that I should find his body in the morgue before the month was out, he came up to bed all cheerful like a boy, and next morning he took an hour to dress himself. I saw him sitting down with the Americans to dejeuner, and after dinner he was three hours with the brother over at the billiard room at the Cafe Rouge. Then I knew that the business had begon, and that luck had lifted us out of the groove again.

"They're a queer couple altogether, Hildebrand." says Sir Nicolas, when I took him his coffee next morning; "bedad! the man puzzles me. He's as mean of the money as a Scotchman out of Montrose. There was three hours we were playing last night

as a Scotchman out of Montrose. There was three hours we were playing last night and not a sovereign changed hands."

"You won't pay many bills out of that, sir," says I.

"And don't I know it. Isn't it the girl I'm thinking of? They're the railway people I'd be telling you—the Greys of Boston. That was a lucky day which sent them to the Hotel de Lille; and for three months, too. You can do much with a woman in three months, Hildebrand."

"That you can, sir, if she's willing."

"Oh, she'll be willing enough by and by.

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40 Black Bessemer Steel Springs are used in the seat—which last has spring edge all around.

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No Excessor is used in upholstering—the understuding is of XX Moss, with soft cotton top.

The Wardrobe Box part is lined.

-In French Stripe Cretonnes or Figured Denims the price is \$11. -We have wardrobe-lined Box Couches for as little as \$8-but we

cannot give them our guarantee.

There's no sugar for an American tongue like a title to roll over it. I was the man of the party before I'd known her an hour. She's just the sweetest bit of a brogue you ever heard, and her father's worth \$5,000,000. Get me my light frock coat, will you know I'm to drive to St. Cloud this very morning."

600. Get me my light frock coat, will you know I'm to drive to St. Cloud this very morning."

Well, he went off with her sure enough, the pair of them dressed up until you might have picked them out of a thousand. When he was gone, and the place was put a b't straight, I strolled over to the Cafe Rouge to get my lunch and read the English papers. Paris was beginning to be full again then, for we were almost through the autumn, and the gardens were cold at nights. But you could find the folks you wanted any time from midday until 4, and to sooner was I in the place than I saw Michel Grey, the brother of the little American woman Sir Nicolas had just driven to St. Cloud. He was sitting at a table, and there was a bottle of hock before him.

"Halloa, my man," cried he, as I passed him, and he didn't speak a b't like an American, "I'd half a dozen words with you if you don't mind."

"With the greatest pleasure in life, sir," I replied, thinking at the same time what a peculiar-looking gentleman he was.

"Is it long since you left Dublin?" asks he, quite calm like, and pretending to see nothing of the start I gave.

"Would that be any business of yours?" I asked, sharp and short, and looking at him in a way he coulin't mistake.

"Certainly it would be," said he, "a cousin of mine knew a Sir Nicolas Steele in Dublin three years ago, and I was wondering if it was the same."

"Then you should have asked my guvnor," says I, while my heart began to jump

"Then you should have asked my guvnor," says I, while my heart began to jump
so that I could hardly hold my hand still.
"Oh, no offense," cries he, and with that
he slipped a five-franc piece into my hand.
"You've been in Paris long?" he asks.
"A month or more," says I, thinking
where I could have him.
"Are you going heads to I cales asso."

"Are you going back to London soon."

"We are going back at the end of November. Sir Nicolas has engagements in London that mouth."

"Oh, then, you are going back?"
"Why,what would be doing all the winter here in Paris?" here in Paris?"

He seemed to think a while over this, taking a drink of the hock and rolling his bleary eyes as though he was looking for some one in the garden. Presently he said: "Do you like the situation you're in?"

"Oh," said I, "it's much the same as other situations. Here today and gone tomorrow."

"Then you travel a good deal?"
"That's so—but travel or no travel, it's all the same to me." "Your master seems a pleasant sort of

"I should call him that."
"He's a baronet or something, isn't he?"
"Exactly; he's Sir Nicolas Steele of Castle Rath, County Kerry."
"A generous man, I should say."
I looked at him straight, for I'd read him up by this time.

up by this time.

"It's a cold morning for talking in the open air, sir," says I, and with that I turned on my heels and left him.

Now, though I had taken it coolly enough, a duller head than mine could have seen through the man's talk.

"What's in the wind is this," said I to myself, when I got back to the hotel, "you've haard some gossip, my fine gentleman, and you want to get to the bottom of it. If it's true that a cousin of yours knew Sir Nicolas Steele in Dublin three years ago, then you'll write to him, and what you'll learn won't keep your sister at the

ago, then you'll write to him, and what you'll learn won't keep your sister at the Hotel de Lille. Maybe that cousin is in Europe; more probably he's in America, which gives us a month. Anyway, it's you that we've got to play, and the sooner we begin the better."

This was my thought, and yet simple as it seemed, there was something happened later in the day which gave a new turn altogether to it. I'd been bothering my head with the matter all afternoon, making nothing new of it outside the fact that the danger signal had been rung, so to speak, when what should happen but that just before 7 o'clock I met the man again



yours?"

face to face in the corridor of the hotel, and the sight of him fairly took my breath away. I shouldn't have cailed him a healthy person any time, but now his eyes were sunken away something dreadful to see—while his cheeks were hollow like the cheeks of one just got up from a fever bed. White as his face had been in the morning, the color of it was like a bit of plaster of Paris in the afternoon. And what was more than this the way he walked, feeling his road with his hands, like a blind man, and staring before him as though he was frightened that every step he took might land him on nothing. Never have I seen the muscles of a man's mouth twitch so much, or a man's fingers look so like claws. If he had been stark raving mad, he could not have given me a greater shock—and I stood there before him feeling like a child that has seen something horrible on the stairs and does not know whether to go forward or to go back.

There was a minute when, seeing him clutch hold of the banister and fix his dreadful eyes on me, I thought he was going to strike me. He naif raisad his There was a minute when, seeing him clutch hold of the banister and fix his dreadful eyes on me. I thought he was going to strike ne. He half raised his right arm, but let it drop quickly again and began to mumble something that I could not hear. His speech was thick like that of a drunken man, and yet I could have sworn that drink was not the matter with him. Quite otherwise, he appeared to be in great pain, and when he got his words out at last, they came with gasps like the words of a man suffering.

be in great pain, and when he got his words out at last, they came with gasps like the words of a man suffering.

"Where's your shoddy baronet?" he asked.

"What's that?" said I.

"Your Nicolas Steele, card-sharp and thief?" he went on, and this took me more aback than if he'd hit me.

"Look here," said I, "you're a bold man, but if you don't want to be horsewhipped out of this hotel, don't say that twice."

"Then you mean to say that he isn't?"

"A hundred times. A more honorable gentleman doesn't breathe in Paris, and if it wasn't for the state you were in, young man, I'd let you know it, too."

This silenced him a bit. He stood rocking on his heels for a minute or more, and then muttering something between his teeth which I could not make out, he continued his march up the stairs. A quarter of an hour later, Sir Nicolas himself drove up with the young American, and he hadn't been in the hotel two minutes before I'd told him what had passed and what I'd seen. Strange to say, he took it as calm as a man hearing of the weather.

"The fellow's a lunatic; that's what he is," he cried, while he began to dress for the opera, "she's told me his history coming home. He's a drug drinker, and what he remembers today, he'll know nothing of tomorrow, or, perhaps, for a month or more. Ye needn't mind him no more than a toy pistol. I have her word for it, and that's good enough for me."

"Then his cousin wasn't in Dublin three years ago?" asked I.
"Indeed and he was, and that's the humor

years ago?" asked I. 'Indeed and he was, and that's the humor "Indeed and he was, and that's the humor of it. He left before my affair, d'ye see, and if they write him, it's a pretty tale of me he'll be telling. Bedad! I couldn't have training.

HE HE MERTURE **STORY** WHICH WON THE SECOND PRIZE OF \$500.00 EVER TACKLED. OFFERED BY THIS A STRONG AND OTHER CURRENT OF NEWSPAPERS TO WILL APPEAR/IN SPICES THE OUR COLUMNS DAILY STORY FROM BEGINNING SEP 7. START TO IT IS ENTITLED FINISH. THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE

PROF. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

wished it better if me own hands had the planning of it."
"I am glad to hear that, sir." said I. "so "Listen—not she. It's easy for the ears to be shut when the heart is open. Sure, won't I be marrying her within the month, She's American, you must remember, and tied to nobody's apron strings. Oh, it was a famous day that kept us at the Hotel de Lille."

(To be continued on Wednesday.) MGR. SATOLLI TO REMAIN.

After His Nomination as Cardinal He Will Be Given Another Title.

from the New York Herald. ROME. September 2, 1895.-The pope has decided that Mgr. Satolli, after his nomination as cardinal at the next consistory, will remain in America with the title of pro-delegato apostolico.

A PICKPOCKET'S TRICK.

Dropped a Rifled Purse in the Pocket Nearest at Hand.

Charles C. Cook, a druggist of No. 150 Pine street, had a curious experience while witnessing the base ball game Saturday, During a hard rain, at 4:30, the spectators ed closely around the most sheltered gan to separate. Then Mr. Cook felt a slight tug at his coat. Thinking he had been robbed, he clapped his hands on his pocket and found that nothing had been taken. His watch and a \$5 bill had not been touched.

Greatly relieved, he was turning away to watch the game, when, taking his handwatch the game, when, taking his hand-kerchief from his coat pocket, he became aware there was a purse inside. As he had none himself, he thought that some pick-pocket had probably emptied its contents and slipped it into his pocket. The situa-tion was awkward. In a moment the man who had been robbed might raise a cry and the pocketbook be found in Mr. Cook's possession. He dered not drain to an the

who had been robbed might raise a cry and the pocketbook be found in Mr. Cook's possession. He dared not drop it on the ground for fear of being seen. With great presence of mind he determined to leave the grounds.

Accordingly, he started for the elevated train, feeling as if pursued by the crowd. Accosted by a man who asked for a street, he felt sure he was in a detective's grasp, and was about to produce the purse when the man went away. If a passenger caught his eye on the car he was convinced that the owner followed him. While waiting at Adams and State streets for a carette two policemen came up. Mr. Cook felt that his hour had come, and was expecting to be grabbed and placed in a patrol wagon, but the "cops" passed on without arresting him, and he finally reached his place of business in safety. Here he ventured to open the pocket book. The owner's name was ascertained, as some half dozen cards within showed him to be George J. Harris, agent for the Ogdensburg Transit Company. Every cent of money was gone, but the pockets were filled with passes.

A Woman's Choice of Profession.

From Harper's Bazar. It is hard, very hard, under any circumstances, for a woman to choose a profession in life, for the good reason that she has to decide between two bundles of hay, one on either side of her. If she elects to give up her inherited profession of domesticity for another of choice, it would seem that she should be more than

would seem that she should be more than sure of her peculiar fitness for public life. And yet, as the only possible school for such equipment lies in public work, there is ample reason for perplexity.

If we fail, we fail, is not a motto for women. Though written for a woman's lips, there are many words. While manhood takes failure with comparative stolidity and tries again on another track, womanhood is crushed and humiliated. Therefore it is best that she should choose her world's work wisely.

In the selection of a profession there are of course many questions of fitness for a

In the selection of a profession there are of course many questions of fitness for a woman to consider, but there is one universal test which applies equally to all the professions she can enter into, though it seems to be considered least of all in the weighing of pros and cons. The first question a woman should ask herself when she thinks of leaving her four walls in body or on paper of canvas is this, "Am I fitted for the struggle?"

If her answer be only weakness, let her

I fitted for the struggle?"
If her answer be only weakness, let her stay where she is so long as those walls can possibly continue to shelter her. For no matter how deep her calling for public or semi-public life, the work she thinks of doing is, after all, the world's work, and she must take the world's buffets in its accomplishment. accomplishment.

Repeatedly gifted women who have seem-

Repeatedly gifted women who have seemed divinely called to one or another profession have failed, and failed utterly and lamentably, simply because they could not grasp the cold fact that the distinct profession was not all they had to learn.

Lack of power to meet the world—to struggle—is at the root of more failures than is unfitness for the specific work undertyles. How to prepare a bandage is

"I hate to think of that night. Not on account of this crack," he added hastily; "of course, it was pretty bad, but I got over it all right, and it don't bother me much except in bad weather. Then it aches and jumps like—well, like itself; there's nothing else to compare it with that I know of. What I mean is," he continued, "that I hate to think of that night because of the half a hair's breadth that saved three hundred souls from eternity. I left Pittsburg a half hour behind. There had been a mix-up on the main division between a freight and a hand car, and a couple of rails had been knocked loose. We had to wait till they were fixed, and that made us late.

had to wait till they were fixed, and that made us late.

"Everybody was mad, because we'd have to tear the ground up to make connections ahead for the southeast and south. 707 was one of our great big engines. The boller stood up high and the engine cab roof was pretty near down on top of it. There was only room to stick my arm over if I wanted to get a light for my pipe from Jack, my fireman, and my side of the cab was that narrow and crowded that when I was inside and the weather was cold and I'd shut the door nobody on the outside could open it unless I squeezed up toward the front.

open it unless I squeezed up toward the front.

"Well, sir, as I was saying, we had a heavy train and the passengers were mostly well-off people, going south for the winter. That's why we had two extra baggage cars on besides the mail and regular. When we pulled out, the depot master said to me that he hoped we'd make the southern limited connection, because there were a lot of Florida-bound folks aboard who'd have to lay over and lose a whole day, and this would give our road a black cye. I told him I'd try my level best, but the train was heavy and 707 was hardly equal to the business because her flues weren't drawing half right and she ought to be at the shops.

"Then a sharp voice rang out in the dark, saying: 'Don't kick about your engine; it's pretty near too good for you to run.' I knew it was the division superintendent who speke, a mean, overbearing sour man and I made un my mind to

tendent who spoke, a mean, overbearing, sour man, and I made up my mind to make the southern if I had to run the drivers off and get there on the steam chests."

"The night was dark as nights can well get. There was no moon, and if there had

"The night was dark as nights can well get. There was no moon, and if there had been the clouds were too thick to give it a show. It wasn't raining and the rails were dry, and the cold, that had gotten right sharp, made 'em just right for quick running. Away we went, and now and then Jack would say to me over the boiler, when he came up into the cab after firing up, that the flues were working bully and that we were just tearing down that last time, Pretty soon it began to get chillier and I shut the door. We ran on for a long time this way, stopping once for water and three or four times for instructions, and, when we reached the curve near Ruggles Bend, forty miles from the southern junction, I saw we just had forty-seven minutes to make that.

"I thought to myself I'd show that hound of a superintendent if 707 was toe good for me to run, and telling Jack to pile in the coal I pulled her wide open, and picked up the air brake wire, letting the throttle alone. It was a rearly straight road to the junction, but there was a sharp curve on a high embankment inst before you got there

junction, but there was a sharp curve on a high embankment just before you got there. As I told you, it was mighty dark, and the glass was down in front. It had got a little smoky, so I opened the side window to look out."

engineer paused a moment and sig-The engineer paused a moment and significantly touched the red scar.

"I never knew anything after poking my head out. A mail crane that had been left swinging out after the train in front of us had passed just fetched me a clip where you see that mark. I heard about what happened afterward, though, and it makes my flesh creep every time I think of it. Tell it to you? Oh, yes, sir; that's all there is to the story. When that crane struck me it knocked me back into the cab, senseless, of course. As I told you, the door was shut, and when Jack saw me fall and jumped up to get in he couldn't open the door, be-

cause I was jammed in against it. He went up on the other side, but he couldn't get across the boiler. I tell you, sir, it was

How a Train Load of Passengers Were

Bavel From Annihilation.

A Thrilling Experience in the Cah of the Passenger Loromotive—Act of the Passenger Loromotive Loro his hand.

The engineer wiped the perspiration from his brow and the scar seemed all the red-

der.

"People up in front have some pretty close calls sometimes, and know when they miss 'em, but, bless you, the people behind 'em don't dream of how near they are sometimes to kingdom come."

Observed Next Saturday. Not more than 1,000 paraders turned ou

yesterday in Philadelphia to take part in the Labor day demonstration. Yesterday was not observed as a holiday by the banks or business houses in that city, the stock and produce exchanges alone closing their doors. In Pennsylvania the first Saturday in September is observed as Labor

The United Labor League turned out about 500 men, but there was no display of about 500 men, but there was no display of red flags, as the police authorities forbade it. Each one of the paraders, however, wore a red badge, with the number of his lodge printed upon it. What was evidently used as a substitute for the red emblem was a banner with the words "The powers that be fear the red flag" on one side and "Socialist ideas are progressing, neverthe-Socialist ideas are progressing, neverthe less," on the other.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any

substitute. CALIFORNIA FIB SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, M.V.

THE FREE LIBRARY MOVEMENT. Congress Asked to Gratify a Healthy Public Desire.

From the Popular Health Magazine.

The movement for the establishment of a free library and reading room in Washing ten, which has, it is estimated, some three million books and pamphlets stored away in the various private and government col lections, commends itself to all who desire to make such literature more available for

The facilities for night reading, so coveter by the masses engaged in day occupations, are very few in this city, and the cooperation of Congress in meeting this public desire is earnestly sought. The cause of personal and public hygiene, among oth ers, would be much furthered if the working classes had access at night to the books and p riodicals devoted to this all-important subject, and could follow up hints and facts otherwise obtained, by a judicious course of reading.

A recent visit to the new public library of Boston convinced us that competent critics have well declared it to be the noblest and most perfect public building in the United States. As one enters the vestibule, the

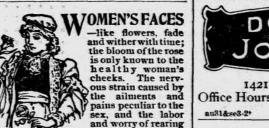
most perfect public building in the United States. As one enters the vestibule, the Leauty of the stone carvings and the richness of the marbles, added to the elegance of its decorative features, cannot fail to impress the dullest mind with some sense of reverence for the inclosure, and as he proceeds to the various reading departments, freely opened in the most generous and informal way for the public comfort, it is something of a revelation to the stranger to find himself so genuinely welcomed and above suspicion or restraint. Books are brought from the shelving over an ingenious miniature cable system directly into the alcove of the delivery room, whence they are given out over the desk to the readers. Readers in Bates Hall may have the books they want brought to them without being obliged to stir from their tables. Application silps are sent the attendants in the stacks through pneumatic tubes. The average time a reader has to wait for his book is seven minutes. Any ore, whether a citizen of Boston or not, is welcome to take out any of the library's books for "hall use." They are brought to ary table specified and may be left there to be collected by the attendant when you are through.

Several hundred magazines are arranged

second the description of the cosmological parts of the world hands of the magazines are arranged in racks from which you may help yourself at will. There are no seats "reserved for ladies," for such a distinction would be invidious where all are invited guests; and the plainer the apparel, the more beneficent the influence received from this association. The juvenile room, where the most popular children's books are shelved, to be taken down by the children themselves, offers a charming novelty of its kind, and some idea of the cosmopolitan nature of Boston may be gleaned by a visit to the newspaper room, and an inspection of the two hundred issues from all parts of the world there displayed.

Where the South Misses It. From the Savannah (Ga.) News.

A state exchange says that the best herses ever driven in Early county were raised there. It costs but little more to raise a mule there than a cow, yet Early county pays out annually for mules and horses \$20,000. Corn can be made at a cost of not more than 20 cents per bushel, yet of not more than 20 cents per bushel, yet Early county pays out annually for cern \$10,000. Meat can be raised as cheaply as anywhere on earth, yet Early county pays out annually for meat \$55,000. Oats can be made at less cost than corn, yet there was sold in Blakely alone over 1,000 bushels for seed this year. Hay can be made of as good quality and at less than half the cost of that brought from Kentucky, yet twenty car loads have been brought to Early county this year.



sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just, entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for the change. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, in the diseases of women, by rs, in the diseases of women, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Insti-tute, at Bulfalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure the chronic inflamma tion of the lining membranes which cause such exhausting drains upon the system. It cures nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faintness, nervous debility and all disorders arising from derangement of the female organs and functions.

arising from derangement of the female organs and functions.

Mrs. Jennie Williams, of Mohawk, Lane Co., Orgon, writes: "I was sick for over three years with blind dizzy spells, palpitation of the heart, pain in the back and head, and at times would have such a weak tired feeling when I first got up in the morning, and at times nervous chills.

The physicians differed as to what my good. As soon as II commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I began to get better; could sleep well nights, and that bad, nervous feeling and the pain in my back soon left me. I can walk several miles without getting tired. I took in all three bottles of 'Prescription' and two of 'Discovery,'"

Catch the Dollars As They Drop.

When we made up our

minds that none of the stock on hand should go into our new building the price on everything in our sales rooms and storehouses dropped-and way down, too. Turned everything into bargains-

Parlor Furniture, Dining Room Furniture, Bed Room Furniture, Hall Furniture, Kitchen Furniture. Library Furniture, Carpets of all sorts, Draperies of all description Mattings of all kinds, Stoves and Ranges, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages—

and the credit accommodation isn't withheld for all the prices are but skeletons of what they wereand what there is value

Advantageous timesthese-for you.

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many doctors have failed to cure you, ask your druggist for a 25-cent vial of one of Munyon's Cures, and if you are not bene-fited your money will be refunded. This Company puts up

A cure for every disease

THE ANIMAL EXTRACTS. Extract of the brain of the ox, for Nervous Prostration, Insomnia,

CARDINE, Extract of the Heart, for Functional Weakness of the Heart.

Extract of the Spinal Cord, for Locomotor Ataxia.

TESTINE, For Premature Decay.

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THYROIDINE, For Eczema and impurities of the blood. Price, \$1.25.

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Mrs. Helen Wardall Sturcess, From be's Edison's Obesite.

Mrs. Helen Wardall Sturcess, From be's Edison's Obesite.

Mrs. Helen Wardall Sturcess, From be's Collecte.

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